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Choice Poetry.

THE MESSAGE OF SPRING.

BY MRS. CELIA M. BURR.

I hear the sweet low message of the Spring,
O'er the green hill-tops, through the valleys ringing,
And birds long silent, on returning wing,
Hasten gaily homeward, to her call replying;
And through the forest trip the merry streams,
With music-murmurs, like the voice of dreams.

My heart is loosened on a day like this,
With overwhelming memories of the years departed;
And thoughts are wandering with a dreamy bliss
To olden pathways, and dear places of the heart,
Where trod them with me, where the radiant Spring
Its sad remembrances with her gifts would bring.

The sunbeams on my pathway see the same
That bay around me in my childhood's dwelling;
I greet the wild flowers answering cry of joy,
And list the bird-notes in the old trees swelling;
And watch the cloud-ships, as I used of yore,
Tost hour the blessed to Elysium's shore.

And memory hath unlocked with golden key
Each treasured chamber which Time past is keeping,
And garnered there, full of life and glee,
Of life-memory ringers on their fair leaves sleeping.
I look—then turn with eyes all dim with tears
To the dark gulf between—the gulf of years.

Years which have robbed my heart of youth and bloom,
And fostered the brightness of its early dreaming,
And bid to slumber in the silent tomb,
Those hopes it gave that to my eyes were beaming.
Oh! bank of promise from my parting view!
Why wish Spring blossoms may not 'ye awaken!

"Tor way, Louise," said he. "Have I made you unhappy by this confession?"

"I weep," answered I, "for my own unworthiness."

"And I do feel unworthy, dear Eoline, of the love of so pure, so excellent, so exalted a being. I who imagined I could never inspire love in any one, to possess the perfect, the undivided affection of one, worthy even of you, my noble, beautiful Eoline! She will seek a portion of his Master's vineyard, warmed by a Southern sun, and fanned by a Southern breeze, so we may meet again when you dwell amid the orange flowers and olives groves that are waiting to embrace you in their fragrant shade."

"Happy, happy Louise!" cried Eoline, the light of hope, her head and her heart all uniting in her eyes. "My true humility, thy blessed influence, my own, my dearest, my loving spirit are about to receive the greatest reward earth can bestow. And yet in thy blindness, dearest one!—"

Louise said not one word of physical weakness to unsophisticated Eoline, but to the fiction. She seemed strong and firm in her new-born happiness. Her greatest trial was the thought of leaving her father, her sisters and would fill her place, and be more to her than the two she was about to leave. She was sure he would return with Miss Manly, to take her office in the seminary.

"Eoline!" said she, in conclusion, "till we meet again is this spiritual intercourse, which is the joy of parted friends. I have described you here, Eoline, as the rose of the South, sometimes as the magnolia of your native vale. Be it so. But I, Louise, am to you will be happy. Surely Heaven would not remember the errors of my youth, and let me suffer a heart like yours to be shifted by disappointment or darkened by sorrow.

"Farewell, my own, my true LOUISA."

Eoline sat with her hands clasped over her knee, still as a statue, for nearly an hour after the departure of Louise. Then she rose, as if she had taken in moments of strong excitement, when the heart seems to the senses centered come to mingle with the deep and troubled waters of her soul. At length she rose.

"I will forgotten your Amelia," she said. "I fear she has pined for my presence."

She found Amelia in the room she loved Mr. Wilton sitting by her, with his arms around her, endeavoring to soothe her, for she was in a state of excitement.

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"I am glad you are come," said he, in answer to Eoline's inquiring glance, "though I rejoice in witnessing this unwonted sensibility, as it has just restored the unexpected intelligence of her long-lost brother. I did not think it would affect her as it seems to have done. It is true the shock is great, but there can be no heart-rending broken."

Eoline approached her armed to Eoline, who saw that her glanced and unnaturally brilliant eyes were swimming in tears. It was as strange a sight as ever on the heating sands of the desert.

"La, sa!" she exclaimed, rushing to the room. "O mother, mother, mother! Where is she? Oh! she's Miss Eoline. Goodness me! how come you here! I'm mighty glad to see you. Aunt Amelia (!" she cried, running back to the door, and calling out from the top of her lungs—

"Aunt Jerusha, come here! Here's Miss Eoline, my cousin-teacher, that learned me how to play. My ma's sick," she added, "and my pa's out in the cotton field."

"Don't go in, Eliz," said Willie, in a low voice, "she's too ugly."

"But you want some water, Willie, and we will be very tired before the carriage is mended."

By this time a very short, fat woman, with a black cap on the top of her head, a short clay pipe in her mouth, came to the door, obedient to Jerusha's summons. She put one hand up over her eyes, for she am was shining brilliantly, and scanned the figures, near which Jerusha was standing, with a look of delight.

"Walk in," she cried, with a strong nasal twang, "walk in, and make yourselves at home. I'm powerful glad to see you, Miss Manly. I'm sorry since tell a deep sort you, and t'other lady, that my husband's not to home."

Jerusha duly dragged Eoline into the house, in her impatience, and introduced her to Mrs. Eoline's friend, also, but he resisted her advances with such uncompromising disgust, Eoline burst her feelings could be kept in. Not another word, however, too much excited to notice it much, and Eoline followed on the bidden-cloth into the split-bottomed chairs, which adorned the parlor and sitting-room, she ran into her mother's bed-room. Eoline, in her impatience to see her departure, for this was an interdicted subject. She was grateful to all the kind hearts that had long visit, and she began herself to feel that the past might be a dream. By the time the carriage was mended Amelia arrived, she was ready to receive them with a composed and smiling countenance.

Amelia had decided that Eoline should go in and see her ma, but she declined, on the plea of great haste, as she expected the carriage every minute.

"Go and have something got for the young ladies to eat, Jerusha," said Aunt Amelia, and though Eoline protested they were not hungry, and could not eat, having dined early, the lady sighed, winked significantly at Eoline, and Eoline proceeded they were not to be disappointed.

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"I dare say you did, you sly, demure little Quaker," interrupted Eoline, "never in my life one poet about this interesting Charles, while I have been pouring out hard and cruel into your bosom."

"Eh?" continued the candid interlocutor—"I never saw my one so much improved in all-ural-ward and inward graces."

And so Louise went on ingenuously and accidently and so heedlessly, telling how she walked and talked with Charles, the devout, the scholastical, but still the interesting and most agreeable Charles, not only by the green banks of Merry Pond, but under the shade of the thick spring vines, and stood with him in the gloom of twilight by the weeping willow that sighed over her father's grave.

"I never spoke to you of Charles," and Eoline almost imagined she saw a soft blush on the paper, "because I never dreamed, that I, such as you know I am, could awaken more than a friendly interest in his heart. I cannot tell why I shrank from mentioning his name, unless it was this feeling of vanity, of hopeless-ness. But it was returning from the grave of my father, when there was just enough light lingering for me to see the mild, holy beam of his eyes as they kept upon me, that he told me he had always loved me, and dared to look forward to the time when I should lighten the heart, and temper the heat of his day of care. I wept—because there is no language but tears, for such feelings as swelled my heart even to bursting. Why wish Spring blossoms may not 'ye awaken!

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Then Eoline told her plans for the future—how Mr. Wilton was to leave Amelia with her, while he went and brought her mother to form one of their domestic party—and how Amelia was to remain with her till the bright roses of her youth bloomed again upon her cheeks. Mr. Wilton smiled gratefully on the young enthusiast, and blest the Providence which had brought her, a beam of light and comfort, into their darkened pathway.

Towards evening, Eoline, who had several favorite haunts around the springs, had wished to visit them for the last time, stole out through the jewel shaded trees behind her cabin, that she might enjoy the pleasure of a lonely ramble. There was a fountain not very far from the way-side, gushing out in the midst of such cool, sweet, and deep of shade, it diffused around the freshness and verdure of an eternal spring. Here she loved to sit on an old gray rock, half covered with moss, and imagine the green clusters one-of those silent homes which Horace had described to her, and like him, she felt waves of deep and solemn thought rolling in upon her soul. The fountain murmuring in the solitude was a pensive yet sensual teacher of wisdom and godly love, and the soft whisper of the wind through the trees was an echo to his accents—and far down in her own heart was a deeper echo still.

In returning, she was obliged to walk a while in the public road. She heard the rumbling of carriage-wheels behind—no unusual sound where life seemed a locomotive engine. A young, silvery voice reached her ear, that made her blood give a quicker bound in her veins. She turned round and saw a noble pair of bays, flanked with the foam of exercise. She knew their stately steppings well. She knew, too, the soul-black face gleaming with ivory, shining down upon her from the coachman's seat. There was a large, fine-looking lion seated in the carriage, she knew him, too; and that young, silvery voice—again it thrilled her very soul—

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CHAPTER X.

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"Now once again in the green county borrow,
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And every joy with the wild waves I sweep,
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One unmerited incident in their journey must be recorded. As they were traveling through the woods, apparently far from any habitation, something sprang to the carriage, which obliged them all to descend.

"There now!" exclaimed the latter, for I see a vegetable garden ahead of us," said Mr. Glenmore.

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A large, double log cabin emerged from the thick foliage as they approached. A female looking basket, with a slice white gaped suspended over her left arm, and a little boy of thirty Willie. But Eoline was attracted still more strongly by a figure standing in the door, gazing on the approaching stranger. It was a stout, coarse-looking girl, in a blue-checked bib apron, with her sleeves tucked up above the elbow, her thick, fawn fringe, holding in her hand a long green pickle, whose truncated end exhibited the print of her luckers.

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Our Picture Gallery.

MR. BARNUM'S ORIENTAL VILLA, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

The Oriental Villa, built and owned by Mr. P. T. Barnum, of Jenny Lind celebrity, is situated on the Pequonnock River, near Bridgeport, Conn. "This magnificent structure is of a composite order, of the Byzantine, Moorish, and Turkish styles of architecture. Its centre front is one hundred and fifty feet long, the wings being thrown off irregularly, with domed conservatories at each extremity; the main building consists of three stories, each having broad piazzas, supported by colonnades of graceful pillars, surmounted by minarets of the most elegant appearance."

Original Novelet.

ROLINE:

OR,

MAGNOLIA VALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,
AUTHOR OF "LINDA," "RENA," Esq.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

The arrival of the mail at the——Springs, which only came once during the week, always created excitement. Incidents in the great world, from which there was a complete dividend, seemed an interest and importance which they did not possess to those who were actors in the busy scene. Mr. Wilton received a letter in the hand of Eoline, and retired to peruse was addressed to himself.

Eoline recognized the hand-writing of St. Leon, and London, and Paris, and a host of interesting figure. The ardent Creole wrote, as he spoke, in a strain of poetic rapture, and every line was glowing with the recollection of returning health. The future,—it was all mingled. He could conceive of no earthly happiness when he dreamt upon the future, which was not cast to him as an earthly system. St. Leon, blooming in health and radiant in hope, was a very different being to her from St. Leon, languishing on a sick and dying bed, and appealing to her for a gleam of joy to light him through the dark valley. With a suppressed sigh she thanked St. Leon's heart, which was a true transcript of her meek and gentle spirit. As it was at least twelve sheets in length, we will not attempt to unfold this whole correspondence, but extract a passage here and there for those who may remember in this romantic and holy-minded being.

St. Leon," she wrote, "seems to gather strength every moment from the dewy freshness and mountain elasticity of our Northern atmosphere. His cheek begins to show the living ember-entered through its transparent membranes. His manly confidence, his faith in his soul, enables him to smile calmly at the fears of the doctors.

"Weep, Amelia," cried Eoline, taking the father's place by her side, "shed all the tears you have been holding back, lest others should see them and pity you."

And she did weep long and freely—wept till the drops. The father could not remain to witness this crisis of her misery—for such it seemed to him. He had often prayed that the night of the wasting fire of her eyes quenched in tears. He comprehended the mental struggle, and the relieving shower, that he went out hastily and sought the deepest shade of the forest, that he might pray for his child, whose heart was breaking.

"I am glad you are come," said he, in answer to Eoline's inquiring glance, "though I rejoice in witnessing this unwonted sensibility, as it has just restored the unexpected intelligence of her long-lost brother. I did not think it would affect her as it seems to have done. It is true the shock is great, but there can be no heart-rending broken."

Eoline approached her armed to Eoline, who saw that her glanced and unnaturally brilliant eyes were swimming in tears. It was as strange a sight as ever on the heating sands of the desert.

"La, sa!" she exclaimed, rushing to the room. "O mother, mother, mother! Where is she? Oh! she's Miss Eoline. Goodness me! how come you here! I'm mighty glad to see you. Aunt Amelia (!" she cried, running back to the door, and calling out from the top of her lungs—

"Aunt Jerusha, come here! Here's Miss Eoline, my cousin-teacher, that learned me how to play. My ma's sick," she added, "and my pa's out in the cotton field."

"Don't go in, Eliz," said Willie, in a low voice, "she's too ugly."

"But you want some water, Willie, and we will be very tired before the carriage is mended."

By this time a very short, fat woman, with a black cap on the top of her head, a short clay pipe in her mouth, came to the door, obedient to Jerusha's summons. She put one hand up over her eyes, for she am was shining brilliantly, and scanned the figures, near which Jerusha was standing, with a look of delight.

"Walk in," she cried, with a strong nasal twang, "walk in, and make yourselves at home. I'm powerful glad to see you, Miss Manly. I'm sorry since tell a deep sort you, and t'other lady, that my husband's not to home."

Jerusha duly dragged Eoline into the house, in her impatience, and introduced her to Mrs. Eoline's friend, also, but he resisted her advances with such uncompromising disgust, Eoline burst her feelings could be kept in. Not another word, however, too much excited to notice it much, and Eoline followed on the bidden-cloth into the split-bottomed chairs, which adorned the parlor and sitting-room, she ran into her mother's bed-room. Eoline, in her impatience to see her departure, for this was an interdicted subject. She was grateful to all the kind hearts that had long visit, and she began herself to feel that the past might be a dream. By the time the carriage was mended Amelia arrived, she was ready to receive them with a composed and smiling countenance.

Amelia had decided that Eoline should go in and see her ma, but she declined, on the plea of great haste, as she expected the carriage every minute.

"Go and have something got for the young ladies to eat, Jerusha," said Aunt Amelia, and though Eoline protested they were not hungry, and could not eat, having dined early, the lady sighed, winked significantly at Eoline, and Eoline proceeded they were not to be disappointed.

"The tobacco smoke makes me sick, Eliz," cried Willie, "please come away."

"Don't I!" exclaimed Aunt Jerusha, "well! I'll lay down my old pipe. It's a mighty bad habit, I know. You don't smoke, I hope?" asked she, of Eoline, who shrank with horror, even from the question. "That's right!—'twould spoil your pretty skin. You've got a powerful fair skin, and ne'a be. I can't make Jerusha keep her bonnet on, no how in the world, and she gets as black as a nigger. She did whiten up mightily while she was at the seminary, and improved wonderful. I guess did use anybody but Sister for the time being. all on the days of my life. Sister Spotts is mighty pleased about it, and so we all are. I

give up Amelia, my new-found friend and adopted sister."

Then Eoline told her plans for the future—how Mr. Wilton was to leave Amelia with her, while he went and brought her mother to form one of their domestic party—and how Amelia was to remain with her till the bright roses of her youth bloomed again upon her cheeks. Mr. Wilton smiled gratefully on the young enthusiast, and blest the Providence which had brought her, a beam of light and comfort, into their darkened pathway.

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CHAPTER X.

A few days after the scene which formed the closing incident of our last chapter, the party Eoline on their homeward way. Eoline had taken an affectionate farewell of her kind friend, Mrs. Hale, whom she bestowed with messages of love and gratitude to the excellent Doctor, and then every thought was directed towards Glenmore. She could have embraced, kneeling the feelings of the red exile of Erin—

"Now once again in the green county borrow,
Where my father he lived—that, I spread the sweet home.

And every joy with the wild waves I sweep,
While I sing the wild anthems of joy and of praise."

One unmerited incident in their journey must be recorded. As they were traveling through the woods, apparently far from any habitation, something sprang to the carriage, which obliged them all to descend.

"There now!" exclaimed the latter, for I see a vegetable garden ahead of us," said Mr. Glenmore.

"And I see a chimney peeping through the trees," cried Willie, standing on tip-toe.

Then Mr. Wilton's carriage was left behind them, Eoline proposed walking on with Willie to the house, while her father remained with the coachman about the best means of repairing the injury the carriage had sustained. Lightly Eoline ran on, holding her beautiful little brother by the hand, both glad to exchange the rolling motion of the close carriage for free exercise in the open air.

A large, double log cabin emerged from the thick foliage as they approached. A female looking basket, with a slice white gaped suspended over her left arm, and a little boy of thirty Willie. But Eoline was attracted still more strongly by a figure standing in the door, gazing on the approaching stranger. It was a stout, coarse-looking girl, in a blue-checked bib apron, with her sleeves tucked up above the elbow, her thick, fawn fringe, holding in her hand a long green pickle, whose truncated end exhibited the print of her luckers.

"La, sa!" she exclaimed, rushing to the house, "if there isn't Miss Eoline, as I live and breathe. Oh! she's Miss Eoline. Goodness me! how come you here! I'm mighty glad to see you. Aunt Amelia (!" she cried, running back to the door, and calling out from the top of her lungs—

"Aunt Jerusha, come here! Here's Miss Eoline, my cousin-teacher, that learned me how to play. My ma's sick," she added, "and my pa's out in the cotton field."

"

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE GOT UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5 00	Per Annum.
8	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be postpaid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first-class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE. A correspondent sends us a manuscript copy of this beautiful poem of Mrs Norton's, with a request that we would publish it. We have no doubt that the popular poem in question has already appeared in the Post, but as it is such a gem, we will willingly comply with the request.

DISGRACEFUL.

By our Congressional Report, our readers will perceive that there has been another disgraceful scene in Congress. They will also observe that it is the intention of the House of Representatives to pass over the gross offence committed by Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, without that proper action which its own character, and that of an insulted country, demand. We say, the gross offence of Mr. Brown—we have but few words of blame for Mr. Wilcox. We shall not fall into that wretched error, now so general with the press, of uniting both the guilty and the comparatively guiltless, in a common condemnation. The ends of justice are not promoted in this way—neither is it fair between man and man.

What excuse had Mr. Brown for his violent assault, and in such a place? But very little. He had said there was no secession party in Mississippi; Mr. Wilcox replied that the declaration (not Mr. Brown,) was "void of truth." It would have been well if Mr. Wilcox had couched the same idea in more courteous language—but his failure to do so did not justify a personal assault, especially in a high Legislative Chamber. Upon being interrogated, in a brow-beating manner, Mr. Wilcox again said:—

If you mean to say that there is nobody in [illegible]

THE NEEDLE-WOMEN.

A Southern correspondent, W. A. B., suggests the following plan for the relief of the distressed needle-women in New York, Philadelphia and other large cities:—

The purchase, by the authorities, of linen, muslin, &c., to be made up at an Institution by the poor women alluded to, at a fair rate of wages, into articles of clothing; said clothing to be sold, and the proceeds employed in the purchase of a new stock of materials. In case the scheme does not pay its way, the deficiency to be supplied out of the public funds.

The above suggestion, we would inform our friend B., is not a new one. There is at least one benevolent institution in this city, founded upon the principle mentioned, and there may be others. New York, probably, has similar institutions. Whether it would be well to organize a great municipal institution of the character referred to, is a question worthy of the consideration of our citizens.

It is only fair to the community to say, that this needle-women question has two sides. Our country friends must not be misled by superficial statements in relation to it. The sufferings of the needle-women are, in a very large proportion of cases, the result of their own ignorance. We want institutions not so much to find work for those out of employment, as to teach them *how to do work*. The great majority (perhaps nine-tenths) of the class referred to, only pretend to be able to do plain sewing—yes, the words are true in another sense, they do indeed only *pretend* to be able to do even that. There is plenty of work, so we are informed, at good prices, for those who can do it. We *know* that good tailoresses and seamstresses are greatly in demand, at fair wages. Often their services have to be engaged for weeks beforehand. These are kept constantly busy—they find not the least difficulty in getting work to do.

But ignorance has to pay its penalty—in the case of either man or woman. Botches find it difficult to get work, not only in large cities, but everywhere else.

The duty therefore that society owes the needle-women, is not so much to find them work, as to teach them how to do work, in order that they may find it readily themselves. But it should be borne in mind, that these ignorant and suffering needle-women are not, as a general thing, American-born. American women, however poor, nearly always have sufficient knowledge to secure them from positive want. They are in great demand as domestics, and they fill the ranks of the fairly paid seamstresses, bonnet-makers, cutters and folders, &c. It is the foreign female emigrants—for whom we are only in a charitable sense responsible—whose ignorance unfits them to obtain a livelihood, and whose situation often brings so much unfair reproach upon the large cities of the North.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—Sometimes, in writing the words "House of Reps.," we make a slight mistake and write it the House of Rips. And really this new spelling seems so much nearer the truth, that it requires a very strong effort of our faculty of veneration to change the i to an e. If it were not that the Scripture forbids speaking disrespectfully of those in authority, we think we should get into the habit of styling the representatives of the people the House of Rips.

For what are we to think of a legislative body that has so little respect for itself, as to allow such a statement as the following to be made by one of its members:—

Mr. Polk rose to a privileged question, and said, it is usual, I believe, and therefore I am gratified to be able to state to the House, that the recent unfortunate difficulty between the two representatives from Mississippi, Messrs. Brown and Wilcox, has been adjusted in a manner highly creditable to both parties; and they now occupy the same position of friendship which existed between them, previous to the unfortunate affair of yesterday.

Instead of appointing a Committee to institute an examination into the recent fracas, and report what measures were advisable to be taken by the House for the vindication of its outraged dignity—we have the above precious sample of modesty!

What mattered it to the Representatives of the United States, *in their legislative capacity*, whether the "unfortunate difficulty" between Messrs. Brown and Wilcox had been adjusted "in a manner highly creditable to both parties," and "that they now occupied their former position of friendship," or not. The only interest the House of Representatives had in their quarrel, was in reference to its own violated dignity. And we regard the remarks of [illegible]

PAYING INTEREST.

The Columbia Bank and Bridge Company have voluntarily adopted the practice of paying interest on deposits, as follows: For moneys left with the Bank for three months, at the rate of 3½ per cent.; for six months, 4 per cent.; for nine months, 5 per cent.; and for twelve months, 5½ per cent.

We would suggest to some of our Philadelphia capitalists, the establishment of a Bank in this city, the leading feature of which should be the payment of a small rate of interest—say ⅓th per cent. a month, or two per cent. for six months—on deposits. The principle of paying interest on deposits is a sound and reasonable one, and a Bank established by the right kind of men upon this foundation, would meet with ample patronage.

A CURIOUS STATEMENT.—A Liverpool paper states that a man named Richardson, recently lost his reason at the announcement that his wife had a baby. The account says:

The man, who is a joiner, upon being informed of the fact on his return from work, immediately danced and jumped about the room in a very excited state. Soon afterwards he became frantic, and hurriedly left the premises. Nothing was heard of the man for two days, although a diligent search was made for him; but on the evening of the third day he made his appearance at his house and had scarcely entered, when the cries of his new-born child were heard, which produced on him the greatest excitement. Without speaking to any one, he sallied forth into the yard, where he stripped himself of all his apparel, except his shirt and trowsers. He then rushed out of the house, and fled in the direction of Claughton Park, after which he was seen to enter a plantation at Bidston.

To make a long story short, he was again found, about a week after he had left his home, his feet and legs torn by briars, and altogether presenting a wretched appearance. At the last accounts, he was in a fair way of recovery.

We have known cases in this country where men behaved rather foolishly upon hearing a similar announcement—some acting as if the birth of a child was a very unusual event, and not one of daily and hourly occurrence—but we never knew of a case before, where the father went positively crazy from the excess of his joy.

FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION.—The election to be held before long, in Great Britain, for a new House of Commons, will probably settle one way or the other, for a number of years, the long contest between Protection and Free Trade. [illegible]

[illegible]

raised, they will mutually reproduce the old relations to be engrafted upon it. Here is the Empire of the Past, where man shrinks daily more and more beneath its deadening influence, while the spirit which once animated the rude Saxons and the Normans, now lives and acts with youthful energy in founding the Future's broad Empire in the West.

A level, snow-covered country, sometimes a forest region, old villages which are a monotonous repetition of each other, and new, bright-looking railway stations, are some of the pictures I gathered in a rapid flight toward the North of Germany. Hanover is a bright spot in the picture, but it recalls a voice of wailing which there was heard from every tongue. A people had lost its sovereign—their King was dead. They spoke of his many virtues, and each one seemed to feel the loss of a personal friend and guardian. His ashes lay in state, surrounded with all the tinsel of royalty. For two days the people were allowed to enter, and thirty thousand then came in to see the royal dust. Whatever his virtues or his vices may have been, Ernest August was beloved by the people.

As we traversed the region from Hanover to the Elbe, a severe frost covered the car windows with picturesque forest scenery, which hid from us the plainer scenes beyond, and reconciled us to the privation. But within, we were enveloped in clouds of smoke, which issued from a battery of pipes and cigars, and we hailed with joy the steamer which awaited the cars at Harburg. On the Elbe, an impenetrable fog hid from us everything beyond the boat, as the frost had bounded our vision within the cars, and made our passage tedious and difficult.—The borders of the stream, upon which we heard voices of men, were invisible. We groped along, sometimes checked by a threatened collision with one of the many bewildered craft around us, sometimes halting in mid-stream, and at others lodged upon a sand bank, to wait for the rising tide. The view of Hamburg, as you approach it on the Elbe, is beautiful, say the books, but I cannot confirm the assertion. That we had actually come near the city, we learned at length by a ringing bell, and voices at our side. We responded, ropes were cast out, and we landed in the commercial emporium of Germany. B. P.

New Publications.

[illegible]

Original Letters.

A PILGRIMAGE TO SCANDINAVIA.

NUMBER IV.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In Germany—Heidelberg to Hamburg.

Nov. 29, 1851.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Philada.

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Southworth's story of "The Romance of the Isle," and Mrs. Lee Alcott's "Rosine; or, Original Vice," we design commencing

VIOLA: OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

This will be a companion novelet to Mr. Bennett's very popular "Prairie Flower," which the interest will be separate and distinct.

The two will occupy the time for Mr. T. S. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post—

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar elevation of thought for which he is noted.

After all these are gone through, we shall be satisfied if our readers are not again ready for a new work by Mrs. Southworth, entitled,

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

What will come in the way of fiction after this shows, we have not yet determined. We think the novelets mentioned a sufficiently rich bill of fare to commence present arrangements with.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual department of Miscellaneous matter—composed, in a great degree, of the concise articles that appear in the Editorial columns, together with the Chapters on New Works, Original Letters, General Items, &c., &c., rendering it a compendium of news in addition to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and our great circulation.

And in view of our efforts for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, we shall expect a continuance of the good feeling and friendly interest heretofore shown in our behalf, and expressed not only by words, but by efforts to extend the circulation of the Post. Our terms are low—considering the matter we give—as a first class paper can be sustained upon.

We might, we grant, use the inside matter of second-hand, and half-price, or dear daily paper; or procure our stories for nothing, from unknown, nothing-worth writers with assumed names, instead of enlisting such well-known Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lee Alcott, Bennett, &c., but we are thankful we are not compelled to pursue such a mistaken course. Our plan is to pay liberally, and make a first class paper, knowing that the public fully understand that a poor paper is not worth the sheet it is printed upon, and is therefore dear at any price.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 8th, Mr. Clay presented the resolutions passed by the Legislature of Louisiana, asking an appropriation for the removal of obstructions in the Mississippi.

Mr. Dickinson presented the resolutions of the Legislature of New York relative to the Oregon and California and slave.

The Land Railroad Bill was then taken up. Mr. Underwood addressed the Senate for more than an hour in favor of the bill, and was followed by Mr. Jones, in favor of the bill, the subject was postponed until Wednesday.

On the 9th, Mr. Mangum presented a memorial of sundry as to the property of paying Spanish citizens claiming out of the late war with Spain, and also a memorial.

Mr. Bagby offered a resolution, directing inquiry as to the expediency of the value of certain property of the agency.

Mr. Hunter introduced a bill making the public lands in the States in which they lie, for railroad and canal purposes, at the price of $1.25 per acre, to all the lands which have been in market less than 10 years; one which has been in market more than 10 years, and which are surveyed to sell at the price of $1 per acre. The bill was referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

Mr. Clarke moved that the Senate take up his resolution relative to the Capitol Square.

Mr. Seward delivered a long and ably argued speech in opposition to the bill for the admission of California. He subscribed the difficulties of the present crisis. That although the United States, from the commencement of political existence, had been subject to the law of temporary, yet they are not sufficient to the new position which they occupy in the family of nations.

That they may hereafter pursue ages and that consequently the legislation of the present day must be adapted to the future. He regarded the subject in relation to the rights of Humanity, if it shall be expressed. The latter he would not discuss, but the former he would discuss, why he asked, shall we not proclaim that just one which we have a right to proclaim? Why shall we not proclaim that which is the law of our being, and which never ceased; it except when all other resources have failed? He referred to the Declaration of Independence, and to the Constitution, and to the views of Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin, and to the views entertained by the Convention of 1787. He then referred to propositions made by Washington in 1783, by Jefferson in 1784, and by Franklin in 1787, with the view to effect the abolition of slavery, and to the resolutions for $40,000, and a prayer by the payment of twenty-five dollars for each slave, which was to be presented annually. That was then a wise policy—but the wants of the age in 1787 had changed, and consequently these resolutions? Would the Senator from Georgia, Mr. Berrien, say that the Ordinance of 1787 was a compact between the States and the Northern and Union, preceded as the both-day impressions of Washington, and of Jefferson, and of Franklin upon this decisive French. Not one vote in the Senate of the United States for the ordinance was cast in favor of the immediate policy of Washington. And why? The Senator from Georgia, Mr. Berrien, would not say that it was a compact.

On the 10th, Mr. Buchanan, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a bill to provide for defraying the expenses of the American exhibitors at the London Exhibition of 1851, and for other purposes.

Mr. Downs, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a bill to amend the act of 1837, entitled "An additional Act, in relation to the Judiciary of the United States," the Senate, the several States, at the next Presidential election, and to provide for the case of the death of a number of Senators and Representatives, under the apportionment of 1850.

Mr. Davis asked if the Committee had considered the fact that the Senate would be called upon to confirm the nominations, and whether the Senate would be under the new apportionment, while the House of Representatives would be under the old apportionment, unable to elect the President, have been chosen under a different apportionment.

Mr. Dickinson said the Committee had considered that question, and had come to the conclusion that the Senate would be entitled to the number of Senators to which it was to be entitled while Congress was in session and then the election should be made by the new apportionment, it must inevitably be a House then years before. The resolution was then passed by the Senate by yeas and nays, and was adopted.

The bill introduced by Mr. Downs gives California two Senators and three Representatives. The Territories remain a tributary report, thinking she ought to have two Senators.

The Iowa Land Bill was taken up.

Mr. Underwood addressed the Senate for an hour and a half in support of the bill, and in support of a former bill, which he had introduced, and which was reported for under the Committee on Public Lands, in favor of certain lands in their behalf.

Mr. Norvell presented a petition of the citizens of the road that part of Mr. Bradbury's report of yesterday in which he was charged with an attempt to intimidate a majority of Senator, Connecticut, and Missouri, and that he would not vote for a treaty such as Mr. Webster has proposed to the Senate, unless he was forced to vote by the Legislature. He pronounced that speech as unparalleled in the history of the Senate, and unworthy the dignity of debate, and that he would decide to be unworthy of a Senator who would be influenced by the fear that the votes of the Senator would be controlled by the Legislature. He said that he would not deserve any one, unless perhaps, the Dutch-man, who would be influenced if he was to be told that Mr. Seward replied, and explained his speech. He did not intimidate any one, and he would not be afraid of such a treaty.

Mr. Seward said he would vote fifty or a hundred times, if necessary, to reject a treaty, which, in his opinion, was dishonorable to the country.

Mr. Bradbury said he would vote fifty or a hundred times to reject a treaty, which, in his opinion, was dishonorable to the country.

Mr. Seward thought that no one would now have the right to vote for the treaty, which had been rejected by the Congressional Senate, and dismissed all connection with it. He would not vote for it, and he did not believe that a majority of the Senate would vote for it, or support it. He discussed, excessively, any declaration that he had ever made in favor of the treaty. He himself voted against the treaty, and he had never entertained the opinion that it was a treaty which ought to be ratified, or ever consented to be directly evidence that he had ever entertained the opinion that it was a treaty which ought to be ratified.

Mr. Bradbury said he would not be afraid to be charged with inconsistency.

Mr. Webster said that he would not be afraid to be charged with inconsistency. The question was then taken on the resolution, and it was decided in the negative by the following vote:

YEAS—Messrs. Bayard, Borland, Bradbury, Bradbury, Dodge, of Wisconsin, Dodge, of Iowa, Felch, Hamlin, Mason, Norvell, Pearce, Pratt, Rusk, Spruance, Sturgeon, Underwood, Upham, Whitcomb—19.

NAYS—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Baldwin, Barnwell, Chase, Dodge, of Wisconsin, Dodge, of Iowa, Foote, Greene, Hunter, Jones, Miller, Morton, Phelps, Seward, Shields, Smith, Soulsbee, Stockton, Sumner, Wales, Walker, Webster—24.

Mr. Baldwin said he would vote against the resolution, because it was not in order.

The bill was then taken up.

The resolution was then agreed to—yeas 31, nays 19, as follows: YEAS—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Baldwin, Barnwell, Chase, Dodge, of Wisconsin, Dodge, of Iowa, Foote, Greene, Hunter, Jones, Miller, Morton, Phelps, Seward, Shields, Smith, Soulsbee, Stockton, Sumner, Wales, Walker, Webster—24.

NAYS—Messrs. Bayard, Borland, Bradbury, Bradbury, Felch, Hamlin, Mason, Norvell, Pearce, Pratt, Rusk, Spruance, Sturgeon, Underwood, Upham, Whitcomb—19

Selected Poetry.

THE PARROT AND THE CHILD.

A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED.

BY MARGARET DENNIS.

A mother was bathing her baby one day;
Tender and fond was the care she took;
A parrot sat perching on a neighboring tree,
A gift for the child, by some friend sent.

A child-like way of gentle mood
And rich and lovely eyes,
The mother thought, as she watched her babe
Sleep through the sunny noon;
The beauty of the day.

Her face was of an soft a beauty,
Her hair so pretty silken,
That the mother thought, as she looked on her child
Her child and lip so bright—

Her voice so like a bird's sweet tone,
All could not her agree
That never was a fairer child,
Than gentle Mary Lee.

The bird had grown a mimic and sad,
And shrewish in its way,
By flapping with unsunny wing
Its feathers in its play.

He spoke as it with kindly mouth,
And such a soothing tone,
That none in voice began to catch
The volume of her own.

She did it from her dimpled palm
With eloquent ease,
And it would not loose a sound,
Unless the bird it does.

Her taught it to pronounce to none
Of unobscure her name,
Till you would think that human lips
The speech mostly came.

Her answer does not spare the young,
It comprehends the old,
And often are the fairest flowers
That lie in shadow cold.

The light in Mabel's eye grew dim,
Her cheek grew pale and wan,
Till she had lost the rich rose-smile,
But all in joy was gone.

The parrot marred her gentle cry,
And Mabel lost her smile,
And "Mabel!"—"Mabel Lee" was still
The burden of his song.

But yet she heeded not the cell,
Though plentifully it sung,
And closely to her heart she stood
The pathos of her none.

For o'er the cheerful home the gloom
Of sudden grief was cast,
Her one social mate so sorely vexed—
Death filled the house with fear.

Yet still the bird pronounced her name,
With a't unsweeping tone—
And strangely from the veil, still home.
The mournful echo rang.

They strove to silence it in vain,
In vain they could not stay,
Until they bore it to the spot
Where lay the child of May.

At once the plaintive call was hushed
That restless form below,
The bird no more pronounced the name—
Her name was heard no more.

And are mortal's fondest hopes
Above the child's few bond,
The cherished and bid smooth and grave,
The pining bird was fled.

Pictures of Life.

INCIDENTS OF A VISIT AT THE HOUSE OF WILLIAM CORBETT.

FROM HIS BITTOIR'S "RECOLLECTIONS."

The name of Hamlet has always been a certain interest for me, in consequence of a circumstance which, as it took place somewhere about five-and-forty years ago, and has rather faded in the distinction of twenty years previous, there cannot be any breach in mentioning.

Being with my father and mother on a visit about six miles from Hampton, we were invited by a neighbor of the name of Corbett, to meet the wife and daughters of a certain Dr. ——. "As old friend of yours and mine," said the worthy man on leaving our father, "Don't you remember how you used to flirt with the late Mrs. Hamlet and Miss Elizabeth Hamlet at Bath, if Hamlet had not taken pity on her, I verily believe you would have run away with her? However, he made up to the Gloucester maiden, and she got over it. Nothing like a new love for getting rid of the old one. You'll meet Miss with to-morrow. I shall like to hear the meeting."

My father did not attempt to deny the matter. Nor never do. He laughed, as all that wished me to laugh at each other, and my father, and professed that he should be very glad to shake hands with his old acquaintance. In the outset day we met.

I was a little envious to see how my own cousin brother, my nearest and only kin, my dearest lady, my nearness that might have been, would receive the acquaintance of Hamlet. But my dear mother, an exceedingly lady-like, quiet person, had considerably the advantage, being prepared for the meeting, and perfectly self composed; while Mrs. Hamlet, taken, I suppose, by surprise, was all fluster and flutter and flustered. This state of things, however, did not last. Mrs. Hamlet having got over its first shock, composed herself, and as for Miss Hamlet was, a practiced woman of the world—decent talk to her—nothing could put out, and resolved not only to make friends with her unwonted rival, but to strike up an alliance. This by no means pleased my mother's cool cautions. As the one advanced the other receded, and, instead of being subdued, I felt a chilly, I never heard so much easy chat put aside with so many cool and stately monosyllables in my life.

The most diverting part of this scene, was seeing us in a corner, we, the boy and girl, before the only real culprit, was the only person who throughout maintained the appearance and demeanor of the unconscious and innocent. He complimented Mrs. Hamlet on her daughters, their very fine figures—inquired after her old friend, the doctor, who was attending his patients in a distant county, just as he was when he set out ever by-gone stories with the one lady, just as if he had not filled her—and played the kind and attentive to the children in the child's way, just as had never made love to anybody except his own dear wife.

It was one of the strange domestic comedies which are happening around us every day, if we but had aware of them, and that I should have ended in a renewal of acquaintance between the two families, but for a dispute that occurred toward the end of the evening between Mrs. Hamlet and the friend to whom she owed her more staying lady tender against accepting his hospitable invitations, and I shall suspend the power both of a day or two to flow her time.

This host at once was a very celebrated person—no other than William Cobbett. Sporting not politics, had brought about our present visit and acquaintance, and now, as I say, had come acquainted with Mr. Cobbett two or three years before, at this very house, where we were now doing to meet Mrs. Hamlet. Then my father, a great sportsman, had met him while on a sporting excursion, the chief object of which was him a greyhound that he had fallen in love with—had "coursed" with him, and ended by having meeting near our own house in Berkshire—and finally, we were now, in the early Autumn, with all manner of sports and settlers, and greyhounds, and quarries, shooting parties, and gun-makers, paying for return visit to him.

He had at that time a large house at Botley, with a lawn and gardens sweeping down to the Southampton River, divided by the ferry from Hamble's, instruction from the beautiful grounds of the old Priory, where we had been originally staying, the great squire of the place. He his own house—large, high, massive, red, and square, and altogether a considerable contrast to—always struck me as not being unlike in proportion. It was less in height than almost to overflowing. Lord Castlemar was there, then in the very height of his wartime fame, and as usual like that, centre and object of a variety of social be. A gentle, quiet, mild young man, was this former of Europe, and centre of a set of big, rich cousins, as one should see in a Summer day. He lay almost under the trees, reading fiddles on the enjoyment of the hour, while all the children (and children always know with whom they may take liberties), play all sorts of frisks with him at their pleasure. His ship's surgeon was also a visitor, and a young midshipman, and someone or elderly lieutenant, and a Scotch-colored dog; fine, saint-like creatures, all. Then there was a very learned, elegant, a great friend of Mr. Gifford, of the "Quarterly," with his wife and daughter—accordingly clever general the party. Two army generals from London, and ourselves, completed the actual party: but there was a large floating number of guests for the hour, or grounds for the day, of almost all ranks and conditions, from the Lord Lieutenant of the county to the village constable. It had been before it was established in the character of a happy when the village constable and himself—for many days and nights in it to Sunday!

Mr. Cobbett was then in his then in some thing, politics, and in the full swing of his reputation. Some of the effusions of them, chiefly relating to such a person or two, had been known to all to such a degree, that we had heard of the head of the New Street Church he was reliposed and Spider (our Judge) Wimbledon, to the Bishop of Winchester of a happy when charged with petty larceny.

"Well, Jemmy," said the Squire, "what do you know of the character of the defendant?"

"Well, I knows considerable. 'bout de character of de defendant? Why, I 'quires he's a mighty good fellow, and he's very fond of only one 'bacco," replied Jeh, with great satisfaction.

"Well, what is the nature of the witness you chuse to call?"

"Why, de nigger um bigoted."

"He's what?"

"Bigoted, bigoted—doesn't you know what dat am?"

"Why, no," replied the Squire, who is much of a wag, "I can't say I understand it. What is it?"

"Certainly, certainly I does. To be bigoted means—means—means know more than other niggas, and not enough for two niggas."—*Centennial Tales.*

THE PRIEST-BOY.—*Some Fire.*—A young priest, lately ordained, preached in his Church, on the Sunday with him regarding his attendance to a certain young lady.

"Fore Lord, sir," said he, "I'll just tell you how it is. You see, I care nothing for the girl—it's her money I'm after, and that I'm sure of."

"Well, my son," replied the priest, "you have a *Choice of Friends*—Ha, ha, ha!

Some Second.—A parlor. Time, 11 P. M.—Young lady and lover sitting. Old thing to depart. Hesitation, as if bashful, and then slowly says:

"Miss Matilda, excuse me, but you must be aware that my frequent visits, my attentions, have not been without an object."

Young Lady.—Ah, yes, so I've heard, and, indeed, I have myself noticed it. Pray, what is the object?

Lover. (*Taken from the table a paper parcel, and carefully opening it, displays a handsome and RICHLY MOUNTED Spelling-book.*) This, I have, been informed, is that object. Permit me to present it, and congratulate you on your wife in future have no further occasion to renew these visits and attentions.

Young gent. swoons.

A RARE PIECE.—There is a good anecdote told about the little town of Portland, Indiana. While a certain clergyman was about putting out from the steamboat, two Irishmen, the one Dennis, the other Jackman, turned to some passers and remarked:

"This little town, gentlemen, looks dull, but I tell you it is a purty place. I was living here about fifteen years ago, or I was going down, on a flat-boat on the Ohio river, we stopped here in pursuit some provisions. I went up in to town, and seeing a sign hanging out of a shop door, that said, 'Boots and Shoes Made and Mended,' I went in and inquired if he had any."

"Yes, sir, I have," answered the man, "I have a rare fragrant Antwerp garden than that at Botley, with its pyramids of hollyhocks, and its masses of china-asters, of chrysanthemums, of scarlet, and of variegated geranium. The chances of life soon parted us, we, without good bye to either side, people do lose sight of one another; but I shall always look back with pleasure and regret to that visit.

While we were there, a grand display of Engish games, especially of single-stick and fencing, took place under Mr. Cobbett's auspices. Players came from all parts of the country—the south, the West, and the North—to contend for fame and glory, and also, I believe, for a well-filled purse—and this exhibition was given under Indian corn—his Carolina house—his watermelons, could hardly have been exceeded at New York. His wild-fowl was equally copious, and much as flowers have been studied and dahlias, I never saw a more splendid show than a more fragrant Antwerp garden than that at Botley, with its pyramids of hollyhocks, and its masses of china-asters, of chrysanthemums, of scarlet, and of variegated geranium. The chances of life soon parted us, we, without good bye to either side, people do lose sight of one another; but I shall always look back with pleasure and regret to that visit.

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